

*Gilbertini. Signor*  
*K.*

A  
D I A L O G U E  
O F T H E  
D E A D;

Between the very Eminent  
Signor *GLIBERTINI*

A N D  
Count *THOMASO*,

In the V A L E S  
O F  
A C H E R O N.

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*Dii, quibus Imperium est animarum, umbræq; silentes;  
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: sit numine vestro  
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine mersas.* Virg.

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L O N D O N;  
Printed and Sold by E. Berrington in Silver-street  
Bloomsbury. 1715. (Price 6 d.)

DIALOGUE

OF THE

DEAD

AND THE VERY LIVING

SIGNOR GLIBERTINI

AND

COUNT THOMASO

IN THE



ACTERON.

DR. GILBERTINI, a learned man, and  
COUNT THOMASO, a noble knight,  
sit with the author, and the reader  
finds in this work a curious matter.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by E. Barington in Great Britain  
1775. Price 6s.

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THE  
P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

**T**HE following Dialogue  
was put into my Hands  
the other Day by a Stranger, with  
a full Liberty of disposing of it in  
what manner I pleas'd. It hap-  
pen'd at that time that I was enter-  
taining my self with Lucian's Di-  
alogues of the Dead, and observing  
the Writer to have imitated the  
Fancy and Dress of that excel-  
lent Satyrist, I resolv'd to make

## The P R E F A C E.

*the World a present of It, hoping they may pick out as much Diver-  
sion from it as I have.*

*The Author, whoever he was, has chosen to give his Names an Italian Termination, the better to disguise the real Persons hinted at in the Dialogue. It is not very difficult however for any Reader to guess who are the intended Subjects of his Raillery : But I know it will be so great a Satisfaction to him to discover it himself, that I shall not be so unjust to his Sagacity, as to disappoint him of that Pleasure. Let them be who they will, the Dialoguist has made them talk very Intelligibly of the Scene of Affairs in the Upper World ; where they themselves seem to have made a  
great*



## The P R E F A C E.

*great Figure, and acted considerable Parts in Life.*

*He seems to have had Virgil in his Eye in One respect, for that he has drawn his Personages with the same Passions and Dispositions which they retain'd in their Days of Nature ; as that Poet has imagin'd his Heroes in Elysium to have the same Delight for Arms and Horses, as they had in this Upper Region ;*

----- Quæ gratia Curruum  
Armorumq; fuit vivis, quæ  
cura nitentes  
Pascere Equos, eadem sequi-  
tur tellure repositos.

*For to let himself deeper into their*  
*Cha-*

## THE PREFACE.

Characters, and tell some Part of their Actions, which it was not so proper they should relate from their own Mouths; He has introduc'd a French Cardinal towards the Conclusion of the Dialogue, who gives them, as we say, their own in a very free manner.

If there be not Wit, Spirit, and Humour, in the Conduct of this Performance, the Publisher is very much mistaken; and it being a sort of Writing that has been but rarely touch'd upon well, it has the better Pretensions to please. The facetious Tom. Brown is the only One, that I can remember, who has attempted Dialogues between the Dead in our Language. The Air of Fable is necessary to the Scene of Action, and

## The P R E F A C E.

*and serves at the same time to keep up the Writers first Intention of concealing the Persons: And that may be therefore accounted rather a Beauty, than a Fault.*

*Whatever I have said of it, the Reader is left to judge for himself; a Priviledge he may justly claim from his Purchase: And so I shall leave him to the Possession and Exercise of this Right, in as full a manner as he thinks fit.*

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# THE PREFACE

and never at the same time to keep  
up the Writers full Intention of  
concerning the Person: And that  
may be therefore accounted rather a  
Bounty than a Favour.  
Whenever I have said of the  
Reader is left to judge for himself;  
a Privilege he may justly claim from  
his Purchase: And so I shall leave  
him to the Possessor and Exercise  
of this Right: in as full a manner  
as he thinks fit.

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A  
DIALOGUE  
Between the very Eminent  
*Signor* GILBERTINI  
AND  
*Count* THOMASO;  
In the Vales of  
ACHERON.

*Enter Signor Gilbertini, and Count Thomaso  
at a distance.*

**S**ignor *Gilbertini.*] This is a most confounded Change of Condition and Circumstances, to fall from the very height of worldly Pomp; into this damn'd unwholsome Place of Punishment; to leave the Fatness of the Earth, the Increase of Holy Luxury; and the expectation of greater, for

B

In-

Insatiable Hunger, Corroding Appetites, which we can allay with Nothing but the bitter *Apples of Sodom* and eternal *Draughts of Sulphur* ! — Oh, that I were but planted for one half Hour by the *Lake of Geneva*, drinking Bumpers of that enliv'ning Liquor, that us'd to make me pour forth my Soul in Raptures of Hypocrisy ! And elevate me to a Pitch of Religious Blasphemy ! — But my Wishes are in vain ; there is no Relief ; and yet if I could but see some wicked Fellow-sufferer, who had lately shot the *Gulph*, that we might talk our selves into a small Forgetfulness of our Miseries ; that might mitigate the Horrors of this Place of Torment, this Vale of Darkness and Desolation ! And see, in the Devil's Name, if my Wishes are not answer'd, for sure that Shadow which advances thro' the misty Air is Count *Thomaso* ! There is the same brow of Anger, the same inexorable Fierceness of Look ; the same hatred of Honour, Honesty, and Religion ! It must be he,

*Sic Oculos, sic ille manus, sic Ora, ferebat.*

*Count Thomaso comes forwards.*

[*Count Thomaso.*] Peace ! Peace ! Thou damn'd Wreck, and thou Fury of Ten Thousand Snakes, thou double Hell, thou Conscience ! Sure, this is the worst Punishment of all, that a Man can't be easy for himself, but carry his Persecution always about him, and  
stab

stab his own Heart with Daggers : Why, I never felt any of this in the upper World ; I drank chearfully without this Poison in the Glass, I laid my self down on the Bed of Lust, without these secret Calls for Restitution ; Blood and Murther ! — Begone. — Ha ! Who's there ? The Venerable Face, and grizzled Sanctity of Old *Gilbertini* ; Now, *Hail, Horror, and Night profound* ; — as the *Devil* said, since he's here too : But I ever thought it would be so ; if there were a Region of Misery, sure I was we should meet in it. I will accost him. — Right Holy Bubble, I greet thee well. How fares thy Body of Sin, thy System of Iniquity, in this Infernal Mansion ?

Sig. *Gilb.* Why, my Dear Son, we stand in the same Latitude of Sufferings. We shall Freeze and Fry together : Dance from the Cold Cauldron to the Hot One, just as our Superior Tormentors please to dispose of Us.

C. *Thom.* But, my delicious Super-Jesuit, is there no Evasion left ? Not one Equivocation, no Loop-hole of Sanctimonious Sophistry, that can work us out of this Place of Terror, or at least soften the Rigour of our Correction ? Thy Head used to be full of these things, you could *Pro* or *Con* it on either Side of the Question ; prove Right, Wrong ; or Wrong, Right ; or Right and Wrong, nothing at all. Come, search thy Intellects for some Salvo, some Quibble or



other, that may puzzle the Wit and Invention of *Satan* to answer, and so gain us some Ease and Respite. Why, Man, I have a Plague here in my Breast, that I never thought to hear of ; a Dumb Dog, that lay sleeping all my Life-time, now opens his Mouth, barks, tears, gnaws, and has never let me be at Peace one Moment together. I feel it now at this Instant, I hear him speak, beginning every Sentence with that damn'd Word, *Remember*. Fire and Furies ! What have I to do with Memory ? —

Sig. *Gilb*. Ah, Friend ! I acknowledge the Cruel *Inmate*, as well as you ; It is that very thing we have so often *stupified*, so often *Sold* : Never dreaming of its coming Home to Us at last. But this is a Vulture that will never leave its Quarry ; a sort of Domestick Hell-hound ; that will not stir from Home. Be it so ; it is now past, irrevocably gone ; no *Casuistry* will doe us Service in these Parts ; the *Charm* that should have lay'd this *Ghost* should have been tryed in the other World ! If it availed any thing to form Wishes, I would say, Oh ! That I had dy'd in the Days of Infancy, when as yet the Seeds of Sin lay dormant in my Nature : When neither the Arts familiar to my Country, and connate to my Soul, had shot up and flourish'd in numerous Branches of Impiety, when as yet no Court had seduc'd my Tongue to Lyes and Slanders, no mighty Ministers influenc'd and  
turn'd



turn'd my Thoughts from Truth, and taught me to flatter for Gain. My Dear *Count*, to what do all our Labours, our successful Crimes, and our unsuccessful Boldnesses amount? ——— The only Satisfaction we can now take, is to repeal the Remembrance of them, Pride our selves in that which has been our Curse, and have Recourse to the Obstinacy and unrepenting Hardiness, which we see the Tyrants that command us, make use of against the Powers that condemn'd them.

*C. Thom.* That indeed was our old way above Ground, and since it proved amusing then, let us play the Game over again, and run over the Adventures of our past Lives.

*Sig. Gilb.* With all my Heart, but since you came latest from above, first, pray inform me how you left your Fellow Animals, with what Air and Grace you descended to the Pit, and what is the best News the Superior Regions afford; in return I will give you an Account of what I have observed, since I resided in this uncomfortable Mansion.

*C. Thom.* You must know then, Old Son of Thunder, that our Affairs went swimmingly in the Regions above, we had carried every Point which we aim'd at, had disgrac'd all the Measures of our Enemies, and flung universal Contempt on their Schemes: So that even the Noise about their *Old Woman* was in a manner silenc'd or not regarded. The *Grand Assembly* seem'd to promise every thing

thing in our Favour, Sledges, Gibbets, and Executioners were the common Subjects of Discourse ; and I was hoping every Day to glut my Eyes with the grateful Spectacles of Blood and Death ; when on a sudden the cursed *Old Woman*, whom I had been railing at all my Life-time, rais'd up one of her Missionaries to take a compleat Revenge upon me for all her Affronts and Disgraces. My Young Spark, the Heir of my Hopes, had got the Devil Lust into his Blood, to which I can't say, but he had a pretty good Title ; so that nothing could allay the Vehemence of his Passion, but the damn'd Clog, *Matrimony*. In this Condition he quickly finds out a Pray'r-mumbling Coupler, who, by the Help of a few formal Words, ty'd the young Leacher to his desired Yoak-mate. This unlucky Stroke pierc'd me to the Soul ; no Help of Promises, nor Addition of Fortune could relieve me ; what could I do ? I curs'd the *Old Woman* and all her Dependants ; and had even you been then alive, I should have devoted Thee among the Mass of her Worshipers. Had the Young Blockhead burnt down *Synagogues*, butcher'd Saints in cold Blood, committed Rapes, Incest, or any thing, I could have forgiven all those petty Villanies : But, to marry ——— Ten Thousand Plagues, and Showers of Curses fall upon the Blockhead ! But, my Dear *Gilbertini*, this Misfortune stuck so close to me, so work'd, and

and fretted upon my Mind, that Sir Sam. with all his Pills, Powders, Jeasts, and Experiments of Wit or Physick, could never reconcile me to Ease and Rest again.

*Sig. Gilb.* Alas! Poor Count:— I warrant thee, the wicked ones insulted thee bitterly upon this Account: This provok'd all their Mirth and Raillery, gave a Flavour to their Wine, a Gust to their Palates, and an insolent Vivacity to their Spirits. But tell me, did'st not thou think towards thy End of making some Composition with the offended Powers; not that it could do any Good, but for a Grimace upon the World.

*C. Thom.* Why, truly, when I perceiv'd there was no bribing nor bullying the Old Tyrant, I had a Thought of lumping my Transgressions, and taking up that Faith which would have given me the fairest Promises; then I consider'd, that it was all Nonsense; and resolv'd to take the Leap blind-fold, where-ever I should chance to alight. A Plague on't, you see what all's come to. The Old Dragon has us both in his Clutches at last.

*Sig. Gilb.* Ay, 'tis too true, Lyon or Dragon, or whatever you will call him, we are got within his Paws and the Case is,

—— *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

But



But pray proceed and tell me how you finish'd all, what was your *Coup d'Eclat*?

*C. Thom.* I was resolv'd in the first Place to punish the young Dog, and let him taste a little of his Father after my Decease. Old *Scrape-quill* by the help of strong Obligation, legal Tyes, and a careful Repetition of necessary Clauses, has incumber'd his Possessions by a good round yearly *Exit*, which he can't strike off. I own, I did not do it out of an unusual Principle of Justice; or to give any Satisfaction to the credulous Fools, who have trusted me; or indeed to gain the Applause of a Religious Trumpeter, for to have bellow'd out fine Things about the Piety of my latter End; but merely to correct the Stripling for his Follies: Tho', by all the Powers of *Acheron*, I shall never care, whether it has a good or a bad Effect.

*Sig. Gib.* Well done: Spoke with the Spirit of a glorious Sinner! For as the bold *Roman* Emperor said at his Death,

Εμὲ δαμόνιος, γαῖα μάθ' ἔτι πνέει.

Plagues, Rots, Confusions, seize upon the Remnant of Mankind, when we valuable Villains of Spirit are gather'd to our Places. And yet I can't help reflecting, that there are a Band of mighty Robbers left behind, still playing their Parts; climbing up to Power for to destroy; praying in secret, to do mighty  
Mischief



Mischief in publick : Let these lift up their Heads, perform all the black Schemes that are breeding in their Brains, ripen all their Projects to bloody Executions, and oppress the starv'ling Rogues that depend on Honesty and Conscience : These we shall have in our Company, and take some Delight as they descend in Order, to hear them repeat their Glorious Catalogue of Impieties.

*C. Thom.* But prithee divert your devout Exclamation to a little Account of what's doing below here, and how you were receiv'd among the Infernal Inhabitants at your first Arrival ?

*Sig. Gilb.* When I came to the first River, the Old *Boat-man* began to ask me some Questions, enquiring into the Dignity of my Character ; and there being at that time a Shoal of Friars, Nuns, Hereticks, Poets and Atheists, ready to be waisted over ; he had a Mind to make an Experiment to divert himself and the Company. He took some Hundreds of them into the Boat, and finding them but light Carriage, he bad me step in ; but as soon as I enter'd, the Boat began to sink ; upon which he immediately landed us all again, and began with the following Expostulation : Who, in the Name of *Pluto*, art thou ? What damn'd heavy Composition of Pride, Ingratitude, Hypocrisy, and Lewdness, have we got here ? Come, uncase, Sir, and divest your self of some of the Weight,

or else we shall never get on t'other side of the Water. But in taking off my upper Garment, down fell a Heap of Flatteries, Panegyricks, Funeral Elogiums, all dedicated and inscrib'd to High and Mighty, Honourable, Worthy, Eminent Sons of Iniquity : He took them up, and these, says he, shall be *Diogenes's* Breakfast to Morrow Morning : I can't help laughing, to think how the *Cynick* will fret and rave, when he hears *Pluto* has oblig'd him to read them all over, and give a Faithful Detail of 'em, before the next *Infernal Consistory*. Upon a farther Scrutiny, he discover'd my Book of *Devotions* and *Curses* bound together ; the *First* Part made up the *Title* Page, and the Four *First* Pages ; the *Second*, all the gross Remainder of the Volume ; which swell'd to a pretty tolerable Size. Here's a refin'd Piece of Roguery, says *Charon*, this Fellow must have been a Pope at least ; Only a poor *Huguenot*, reply'd I : at which the *Nuns* and *Fryars* set up a loud Laugh, a sufficient Mortification to one of my Complexion. He proceeded to examine me more closely, and found in a Bag, placed just by my Heart, my Volume of *Black Arts* : A Prize ! cries he, a Prize ! This Book was long expected in our *Infernal Library*. I warrant we shall have nothing read, thro' all our gloomy Dominions, but this Master-piece of Iniquity, for these Hundred Years. Come in, Thou Venerable Hypocrite, I'll take  
care

care to have you quickly conducted to the Palace of *Pluto*, where the whole Assembly of Fiends, Furies, and Demons of all Degrees, are ready to congratulate thy Arrival : When he had waisted me alone over, Two of his gloomy Majesty's Valets receiv'd me on the Bank of the other Side, and carried me directly to the Palace. At my Entry, I made a short Speech in Praise of *Evil*, was answer'd with a great deal of Honour and Distinction by *Ignatius Loyola*, First Secretary to the Monarch, and then consigned over to my proper Apartment.

*C. Thom.* A very Honourable Reception indeed ! The Great King of Darkness could do no less to so worthy a Servant, who had help'd to people his Dominions with such Multitudes of Subjects : But tell me how did the Courtesie end, and whom you have as yet met with of any Distinction, and what Observations you have made on the Place ?

*Sig. Gilb.* Upon my retiring to my Apartment, I found Two Gallons of liquid Sulphur prepar'd for my first Draught ; the attending Demons who offer'd them to me, told me very civilly, it was the Compliment of the Country, and if I did not accept of it, they should be oblig'd to force it upon me. I took off the Potion, but assur'd 'em I would make a Remonstrance to *Pluto* of their Behaviour ; upon which a confounded sooty Demon call'd for the Whip of Snakes, and laid me on



most furiously, not without giving me a Lecture during the whole time of his Correction. Sirrah, says he, can you imagin that because you have receiv'd a little Honour at your first Audience, you are not to conform your self to the Rules of the Place. This is but a small Taste of thy future Punishments; the Dripping-pan of Affliction, and the Cauldron of Torment, (as the Canting Crew us'd to call them in the upper Sphere) are prepar'd for you, and you shall be sow'd and dows'd to the bottom without Favour or Affection. Here was a *Cardinal* here t'other Day, who, forsooth, because he had taken care to damn some Thousands, made the same Complaints as you do now, and thought to be exempted, (with a Pox to his Eminency!) from any Punishment himself: Why, you Venerable Coxcomb, it is you great Villains, you over-grown Sinners, who make us the most Work. And here's my Brother *Belial* and I shall be forc'd to wear out a Snake Whip every Morning, to pay you to the Proportion of the Degrees of your Demerits.

*C. Thom.* Hard Lines, indeed my Friend! What must be my Portion, if thine be so miserable? I was always averse to that damn'd thing call'd *Pain*; and the very *Idea* of it gives me such Shocks, that I tremble all over. But I hope they will give one the Liberty of cursing and swearing against one's Tormentors; for, believe me, a Volley or Two of Imprecations



cations gives a very satisfactory Relief on these Occasions.

Sig. *Gilb.* Ay, ay, you may make what mutual Alterations you please, but you won't have a Stripe the less for that. Take care you don't offend his *Plutonick* Majesty or any of the Grandees, for if you doe, the Grand Consistory immediately is Summon'd to invent new ways of doubling our Torment.

C. *Thom.* Why, what a Plague, are there any Degrees of Superiority here? If so, I may chance to keep my *Quality* still; and be made a Member of the great *Assembly*. However, prithee, let me a little further into what you have seen, and the Company you've been engag'd in.

Sig. *Gilb.* Really, *Count*, tho' you know I had always a pretty good Art of Descanting, and was seldom at a loss for Rhetorick to set out Matters as I would have 'em above; yet I have been so crouded with Objects since my Descent, and seen such a prodigious Diversity of miserable Sufferers here, that I scarce know how to give you a just *Idea* of the Place, or a Description of the several Tortures. They preserve a mighty Order and Oeconomy in their Punishments, as they pretend, and suite Inflictions to the Nature of Offences: The Corrections of Incontinence are very Various, and perhaps as whimsical. Those for Murder are plung'd into an Immense Canal of a Blood-colour'd Fluid, where they wade about  
up

up to the Chin, and ever and anon a Flight of *Demons* sprinkle their Skulls with scalding Sulphur: Traytors and Rebels are punish'd much after their sort with Us on Earth, some truss'd upon stupendious Gibbets, others impal'd on Iron Spikes, with their Bellies cut open and Hearts dissected, and a Circle of mortifying Sons of Darkness reading mock Lectures of Anatomy, and making Dissertations on the Causes of their Perfidiousness. Blasphemy, Irreligion, and False Doctrines, are punish'd with slit Tongues, Cauldrons of molten Lead, and red-hot Gridirons: Diffimulation with Scourges; and Devils of Grimace, that at every Lash tell you their Heart Bleeds for your Sufferings, and that they are concern'd at nothing more than the Necessity of obeying their Orders. I could recite to you many more Scenes of Horrors, but I would rather wish entirely to Banish the Memory of them, dreading which of all the dreadful Experiments must be put in Practise on my own Carcase. For, you must know, the Consistory are yet demurring on the Nature of my Punishment, as in all likelyhood they will upon yours. For wherever there are a Complication of Vices in a single Delinquent, it puts them out of their Order and Method of Inflicting, and puzzles their Malice how to correct a Number of Enormities by a single Punishment.

C. Thom.

C. Thom. Ah ! *Gilbertini*, how gladly might we consent to save them the Trouble of this scrupulous Debate ; But let them go on in their own way, since 'tis Irrevocable ; I dare say, we shall have Friends enough of ours here shortly to keep us in Countenance : There's Old Crazy *Sebastian*, the Reverend Dotard of Fourscore and Odd, must shortly descend. He and you will be fit Companions ; and, for my own Part, I expect a Legion of Friends : *Ricardo Furioso*, the sagacious Politician ; *Serioso*, the grave Turn-coat, that blended piece of Modern Morals and Ancient Fashions : Old *Alchimini*, the dull zealous Prophet ; and abundance of Others, *Secular* and *Lay*, will serve to solace Me in their equal Portions of Affliction. But as we propos'd, let us run over our whole Conduct in the Superior Sphere, since if there is any Merit to be made of Mischief, I may keep that Plea in my Memory, and urge it before *Pluto* at my first Appearance. Your Story begins earlier than mine, and therefore pray trace your self from the Beginning. You know the Old Adage, *Mendacem oportet esse Memorem*.

Sig. Gilb. If I had but a certain Volume of my own Composing with Me, I should recommend that only to your Perusal, which would sufficiently satisfy you in the whole Scene of my sublunary Affairs ; But as far as I can remember, I will relate to you but in a summary manner, the better Part of my  
Life



Life and Conduct. I ever found in my self, a Pleasure in reading, and a Curiosity of knowing, but whether from some vicious Hereditary Principle, or some Misinformation in my Knowledge, I conceiv'd the strongest Aversion to those Duties which I knew to be true; and, for the sake of Interest, was forc'd in the first Stage of Life to embrace. Dear *Count*, Pardon me; What should a Man do in my Nation? Shoes and Stockings, Meat and Porridge, were not to be gain'd without Conformity; I try'd the Experiment, found it True; my natural Biass inclining Me, I clos'd with any thing even against my own Judgment and Conscience: Thus I grew as Plump and Rich, as the Poverty of the Place of my first Residence could make me; but there were other Countries, more delightful Incitements; there was a Land of Plenty, of which I long'd to taste and be an Inhabitant. —

*C. Thom.* Lucre, Friend, Lucre, under any Prospect, for any Exchange, was always with Me as well as you, allowable and reasonable: *Mammon* is a glorious Idol, and has commanded all our Adorations; I freely own the glorious Offence; but I interrupt You. —

*Sig. Gilb.* I doubt not but your Praises are equal to mine, and I shall hear 'em with Pleasure in my turn; But now you must listen to the Sequel of my Story. To the Land of Plenty I before mention'd, I came; My only Recommendations to succeed were by impene-  
trable



trable Forehead, my unscrupulous Conscience and a collected Stock of artificial Flatteries, equally applicable to the first Buyer. These Engines, manag'd with Cunning and Dexterity, soon procur'd me some Reputation, and I was not wanting to make the best of my Success. I pretended a great Correspondence with Foreign Powers, work'd into the Company of their Agents, and try'd Schemes which I communicated as Secrets, that were never known to any body but my self; Intreagu'd from Party to Party, till at last pretending to the Knowledge of every Secret Cabal which that Age abounded with, I came in a little time to be acquainted with some real Schemes and Projects then in Agitation; and was trusted by those, who had not Sense enough to see thro' my Disguises, with their private Managements. However, I met with one damn'd Disappointment at my setting out; you know there was then on the Throne, a strong and vigorous Prince, married to a *barren* Princess; the Prince had given many Proofs of his Abilities, and the Cunning Men of the Land wish'd rather to see an Issue from him, than from a *Bigotted* Brother of his, of whose Power they were very Apprehensive: This was the Scene of Affairs, when a deep *Politician*, who is at present Superintendant of *Pluto's* Council, drop'd a Word about a Divorce: I took the hint immediately, and fell to Work upon proving the Lawful-

D

ness;

ness, the Necessity, and the Piety of such an *Act*, and spread my Papers into the Hands of some trusty Friends about the Court, hoping the Prince would have approv'd of the Project. And then, my dear *Count*, then —

*C. Thom.* Then you had climb'd the Ladder of Glory all at once ; mounted into the Supream Chair of Spiritual Power, and turn'd Religion which way you pleas'd ; taught all her Guides a New Lesson, and corrected them with the Rod of Authority, if they had not submitted. Then had been the Days for Latitude of Doctrine and Morals ; Sects of all sorts should have flourish'd, and the good *Old Woman* look'd so like a *Babel*, with Confusion of Tongues among her Builders, that there had been room for darling *Atheism* to have started up, and triumph'd over the Ruines of a cursed *Uniformity*. Oh ! How could I have promoted that Noble Work, and acted in any Degree of Subserviency to you my great Master, to advance so beloved a Scheme. You know I was never idle in the Cause, when there was no Prospect of Success : I have, for this, Whor'd against my Inclination ; drank against my Constitution ; and fatigued my aged Carcass with innumerable Toils, even while I wanted so glorious a Head and Conductor.

*Sig. Gib.* Indeed you have taken a great deal of Pains to meet me in this Place, and shewn Zeal enough to have made a Merit with

with me to have bestow'd on you any Degrees of Honour; had but my Schemes succeeded there's nev'r an *Anti-christ* of them all could have more boldly canoniz'd a Libertine, than I would have made thee a Saint. But the best concerted Measures sometimes fail; the Plot was confess'd to be good, but the Devil was in the Courtiers, they did not like it should owe its Success to my enterprising Brain. When I found my self disappointed I took Care to suppress the Vapours, and disown'd that I was the Author.

*C. Thom.* O Glorious Effrontery! That was worthy even of Count *Thomasso*; I have acted the same Part my self, but in a lower Sphere, have refus'd to keep a Bastard of my own getting, and swore I never saw the Mother: Have deny'd the Payment of a Note with my own Hand to it, and proceeded against the Poor Creditor for a Forgery. But, dear Signor, trace a little further your own secret History; for tho' I envy that any one should have been more Wicked than my self, yet I rejoyce that it was you, rather than any other Man.

*Sig. Gib.* The time was now for me to turn my Back on those who began to despise me, and close in with another Party, whose Principles were more agreeable to my natural Genius. I had bid farewell to Court Measures, and now my Tongue began to work upon the same Project my Pen had



done before. I rail'd at the *Bigotted* Brother, turn'd Bully in Religion, endeavour'd all I could to render him Odious to the Populace; but of a sudden a new Turn came, the *Bigot* mounts the Throne, nor was I the last of Flatterers that came humbly to kiss his Hand and sue for his Protection: Every Day I communicated Lists of his personal Virtues; his Courage, Honour, Integrity, were drawn up in Form for the Publick View: And many an open Panegyrick reach'd his Ears where ever he went. The credulous well-meaning Prince believ'd me, depended upon my Veracity, and even trusted me with some Reserve of Caution; all which I took Care should turn to his Disadvantage in a proper time.

*C. Thom.* I well remember the time, and I too acted a bold Part, which I own, was from an innate Hatred I bore to all his Race; I damn'd him in Publick, curs'd him in Private, and encourag'd every Poltroon to despise his Person and abhor his Government. There was too much shew of Piety and Sanctity for my Relish, and beside the Fear that my dear worldly Interest should suffer, and I be cut short in the Race of my Pleasure, spirited up my Resentments, and made me step as forward to his Destruction, as my natural Fears of Punishment allow'd me. But I interrupt you —

*Sig.*



*Sig. Gibb.* I love to hear thee Talk; our Spirits are of the same make, or at least form'd for the same Ends; tho' I believe you will allow me to have had the Superiority of Cunning and Artifice. But to my Story. — The Times now chang'd, the Tide grew violent against the *Bigot*, he saw his Enemies Strong and Powerful, his Counsels Weak, and even those whom he accounted his Friends, and held in his Bosom, his deepest Foes. All things in short, concurr'd to the weakening his Authority, and now, thinks I, is the time to make a Merit of being the first publick Bawler, to incur Displeasure, and prepare to avoid the Danger by a timely Flight. With this View I took an Opportunity to cry aloud, to blow the Trumpet of Sedition, and by the Assistance of unnatural declamatory Fury, to excite the Spirits of the People to an Indignation against the Governor. This I did, well knowing, that however subtle his Agents might be, I could easily reach a distant Shore, before their Power could overtake Me; and be well receiv'd, where I plainly saw his Authority was to be transferr'd. I laugh'd securely at the idle Threatnings which pursued me, despis'd the Anger which I knew could not hurt me; and what I believe not many a private Subject did before, boldly return'd a publick Answer to a Royal Edict against my self. In  
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the Place I was then seated, Security, Honour, and Power attended me, and I took Care to improve every Minute by secret Negotiations, publick Perswasions, Threatnings and Promises of Reward, to alienate the Hearts of his Adherents, and pave the Way for my own future Promotion.

*C. Thom.* I am not sure, dear *Gilbertini*, that you were so considerable an Agent in this Affair as you represent; for I, who stay'd behind you, heard but little of your Name at that time. However, I never accounted Lying a Sin; you may have done glorious things, which never reach'd my Ears; as I have many, which never came to yours.

*Sig. Gib.* No doubt of it: Grant me but the same Favour, as I do you, and there is no Abomination, no pitch of Guilt, no Scene of Mischief, in which I would not believe Count *Thomaso* to have been Instrumental, either as the Principal or Abettor. I believe thee to have debauch'd as many Virgins in one Night as the famous *Roman* Emperor; to have drank off Pearls, the Price of a Province, in luxurious Draughts, to recruit the exhausted Spirits; to have laugh'd at Massacres, and play'd Tunes at the Conflagration of Cities.

*C. Thom.* I thank you for your Complement, and do believe it to have been in my Heart to have acted all you mention: But my

my niggard Stars had stinted the Extent of my Power, and confin'd me to a narrower Scene of Mischief than my Soul aspir'd to. And yet Witness, Hell, thou Seat of Horror, bear me Testimony, ye Demons and Furies, if I did not exert the scanty Portion which was allow'd me, in some brave Degrees of Evil: If I did not perform to the stretch of my Powers, and regret that I could do no more.

*Sig. Gilb.* Freely I acknowledge all thou hast said, nor can I question but the Demons who Inspir'd, will give thee high Applauses for thy Merit: But in the mean time, hear some more of mine. Thou knowest *Count*, what soon follow'd my Retreat, and how gloriously our Power began to take Footing where I thought it would; you remember the successful *Expedition*, the Ignominious *Flight*, and therefore I shall only mention what concerns my self in that Affair. As soon as our Hands were strengthen'd and all things settled to our Pleasure, then I conceiv'd great Hopes, Showers of Honour and Dignity; but in the midst of my Expectations, new Embarrassments arose, and tho' my Interest seem'd to promise me every thing, yet a fatal Blast from the Adherents of the *Old Woman* check'd my Career; and after a tedious Delay of Two Years, wherein I was forc'd to exert all my Cunning, I could obtain nothing but an Inferior



ferior Seat ; while heavier Heads that had work'd more slowly in the Cause, were mounted above *Gilbertini*. However I made the best of a bad Market, and resolv'd to plague the *Old Woman*, whose Favourite Sons had been the great Obstructors of my Promotion.

*C. Thom.* A proper Revenge, and a noble Principle ! I remember the time, and how unhappily frustrated we were in the use of our Power, when a few poor starveling Righteous Curs made a Stand against us, outwitted us, defeated our Projects, and made us look like disappointed Fools for the Course of too many luckless Years. The Devil was in their Heads sure, when they pretended to out-face our Impudence, and prove that it was the Pious, Honest People, the Friends of the *Old Woman*, and not the bold Crew of *Desperado* Rebels, that subverted the *Bigotted* Prince and made way for his Successor.

*Sig. Gilb.* I was sensible of this, and thought that new Turns requir'd a new Set of Principles, and therefore began to prove, that what either I or any body else had believ'd or pretended to believe for many Generations, was not only False and Erroneous, but direct Nonsense, Absurdity, and Contradiction. I told the *Old Woman's* Friends, with a Front of Authority, that they had slept for many Ages in Ignorance, dreamt away



away their Senses, and if they did not awake from their Lethargy, they would ever be reckon'd a pack of stupid, ignorant, obstinate Fools and Blockheads; that the *Old Woman* herself was grown Superstitious and began to Doat, and tho' I knew it the damned'st Lye in the World, that I had seen her with my own Eyes, making *Courtesies* to *Pictures*, kissing *Babies* and *Puppets*, and mumbling *Latin* to herself in her Closet. Nay once, I remember that I swore point blank, I had seen her shifting herself, and flinging off her fine clean *Linnen*, and cloathing herself with *Smocks* of *Hair*. There were abundance of credulous People, who were apt to believe any thing against the *Old Woman*, and so swallow'd the *Bite* very readily. When I saw the Success of my Invention, I told the same Story upon the same Occasion for about Twenty Years together, so that according to the Fate of common *Lyars*, I began to believe it my self at last.

*C. Thom.* But, double Damn me, if I didn't think there was something in the Story; but this is the way, that you confounded long-headed Rogues deal with us, who are to propagate your Falshoods. For, by the Beard of *Pluto*, your *Ipse dixit* was enough for me. I told it, stood by it, swore to it, and reckon'd all who did not believe me to

be a pack of incredulous, unbelieving, invincible Miscreants.

*Sig. Gilb.* O! I wonder how you could be so much mistaken; you, who knew the very Secrets of our Party; and that a quick Imagination, and a strong Forehead, were the two great Supports of the Cause we defended. But I was telling you about my new Principles, they rais'd me Enemies, and Antagonists without Number. The whole Body of *Litterati* pass'd a black Censure on my Name; and in return for that kindness, I shew'd them an equal share of Respect, telling them very plainly, that they had no Power to Censure at all, and when they did it, that it was Insignificant and Ineffectual: That their whole Body, tho' I was a Member of it my self, was a hot, silly, ridiculous, weak, ill-cemented Monster: That it was a College but of Yesterday, and I'de take care to have it suppress'd for it's Impudence in daring to attack a Man of my Figure.

*C. Thom.* Well bullied, Son of Thunder, I could not have perform'd better my self on such an Occasion; but if I recollect my self, the obstinate Mungrels did not leave you so,

*Sig. Gilb.* No, no; they began with full Vigour, set all their little Curs a Barking, planted Batteries of Religion against me, and set

set all their Engines at Work to destroy my Credit. Some drew my Picture at length, Others in Miniature; some knock'd me down with Argument, and others whip'd me with Lampoon and Satyrs. But the bold and stubborn Soul of *Gilbertini* scorn'd to bend; I matter'd not the Voice of Fame and Reputation, I had long given that over for lost, and it was a Folly to think of retrieving it at that time: Beside, I knew that what I most valued, they could not take away from Me; My Dignities, and my Possessions, Dear *Count*! The pious Fools could not reach them, and what ever became of the Interests of the next World, I was sure of a good One in that above. Rail on, said the Miser, call me Dog, Villain, Wretch, Scoundrel, Muck-worm, teize me in every Street, and persecute me in every Corner, yet when I get home and view my loaded Chests, my dear Gold, I hugg and embrace my self, Sing, Laugh, Dance, Despise all Mankind, and know and feel my self Happy. This was the Part I acted, such was the Comfort I gave my Heart, under the Persecution of my Enemies.

*C. Thom.* The same Course I took in the same Circumstances; you remember how many bitter Invectives were levell'd at me; when I plunder'd the Province that I govern'd. Thus did I use to laugh over the Spoils, triumph over the Miseries of Others, and leave



the Wretches to their impotent Curfes, I knew it was out of their Power to redrefs the injury, that there was no refunding, or at beft that there fhould be none ; and fo flood with Unconcern when I heard their Complaint, and added one Infult more to their Wretchednefs, by telling them it was for their own Good that I had made them Poor.

Sig. *Gilb.* But, my Friend, we are running into our Accounts without order of Time ; we fhould have gone methodically to the Point, and not omitted the intermediate Acts of our Lives, before thefe came into the Scene of Action. But, fee, there approaches One with a haughty Look, I am afraid we are to be turned away to our Torments. —

C. *Thom.* I fhake, I fhake, Hide me good *Gilbertini*, I have not brought my felf to bear Punifhment with a good Grace yet, I can't bear the Sight of that Creature.

Sig. *Gilb.* Be of Comfort, good *Count*, it is only the *Cardinal* who defcended lately hither ; I have heard of his arrival, and know it muft be He, for I have formerly converfed with him in the upper Regions.

C. *Thom.* O ! I can ftand a *Cardinal* well enough, — A *Fig* for the *Devil* now, — we will have the reft of our Hiftories out at another opportunity ; Now, *Seignor Gilbertini*, let us rally him,

*Enter*

*Enter Cardinal Triviani.*

*Sig. Gilb.* I salute you, *Monfieur Cardinal*, and Congratulate your Arrival to the Shades; I thought to have waited upon you, but did not know your particular Apartment; but am glad that this opportunity affords me the Honour of your Conversation: You look as if you did not know me, tho' we both met formerly at a *Courtesans* at *Rome*, which, I dare say, we had occasion to remember. You cannot fure forget *Seignor Gilbertini*.

*Cardin.* I do remember you, good *Seignor*; and your saying too, that it was impossible that you and I should meet here: But Pray, who is that Companion of yours?

*C. Thom.* What me, dear Preserver of Religious Mummy! Most Worshipful Adorer of Rotten Posts, and Rusty Nails; Great Consecrator of Holy Smocks, Water Sprinkling Magician, Nun-debauching Son of Sanctity; I crave Pardon for omitting all other Titles, that are due to thy venerable Wick- edness, and inform Thee, that I am the Count *Thomaso*.

*Cardin.* Art thou that *Hugonot* Monster, whose Fame spread over *Italy*, whose heap of Sins have exceeded the Measure of all the *Pope's* Nephews, who ever plagu'd the World? Who wa'st born in *Schism*, bred up in *Athe- ism*, and added to the Perverseness of thy nat-  
tural

tural Genius the Hypocrisy of *Jesuits*, the Stubbornness of *Fanatics*, and the Cruelty of *Tyrants* ; who hast triumph'd over all the Bands and Tyes of Honour, Honesty, and Religion ; who once work'd thy self into Courts to destroy, into Assemblies of Virtue to Debauch, into Places of Religion to undermine its Foundation, into Honours and Stations of Dignity, to oppress with the greater Security, and hast entail'd the Curses of future Generations upon every Action of thy Life ? Indeed, *Signor*, you have Chosen a most fit Companion ; I can't question but as you walk together, all the inferior Shades of Evil, nay, even the *Demons* themselves will point you out, and rise up to your superior Impieties.

*Sig. Gilb.* Why, Old Pardon-monger, what do'st thou know of me ? Did I ever sell my Gods ?

*Cardin.* Yes, and without pretending you had a Power to do it ; which was far worse than our Crimes, who were impos'd upon by the traditionary Belief of our Predecessors, to think we had a Privilege of doing so. Tell me, how many States ha'st thou set in Flames, how many Grandees ha'st thou flatter'd, how many Princes ha'st thou betray'd, how many ha'st thou bullied and traduc'd, how many different and contradictory Doctrines ha'st thou embrac'd, how often hast thou absolv'd thy self, for all thy



thy Sanctified Lyes and Religious Perjuries ? Remember if thou can'st, the Reproaches of thy own Nation, the Condemnation of thy Brethren, and then think what Opinion we ought to entertain, who are to gather our Accounts from those who knew thee best ? But can'st thou imagine, if thou had'st no other Iniquity, that thy Treatment of a *pious Princess* lately mounted to Glory, can ever be forgotten by thy Country-men ? I tell thee, proud Ingrate, that it is a lesser Sin to have liv'd in Errors without a Power and Will to reform them, than to have sat in light and open Truth, only to cast Shades against it : To vilify and traduce it's Adherents from private Piques and personal Hatred, and be a double Villain under the pretences of double Sanctity. For this shall thy Portion be more bitter, and thy Torments more exquisite than Mine ; and, Behold, the Tryal is at hand, and lo ! The Tormenter is at hand.

*Enter a Demon.*

*Dem.* So ho ! Count *Thomaso*, — Seignor *Gilbertini*, — Come, away, away, the Cauldron's hot ; the Whips are ready, and the Hell-hounds want their Food. Come, come, I can't stay. —

*C. Thom.* Dear *Demon*, take off your Pincers ; if I must go, — Oh this dark Place ! Does not *Gilbertini* and the *Cardinal* go with us ?

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Yes, the *Seignor* must march ; but as for the *Cardinal* he must pass the sleepy River, and walk upon some hot Embers by and by ; his is the mildest Place of Punishment ; but as for you, my dear Imps, he'll not see you again, till he comes by *Pluto's* Order to insult You. Come away. —

*C. Thom.* Who in the Devil's Name could have thought, that a Cardinal should have far'd better than I ? I tell you before-hand, *Gilbertini*, that I shall do nothing but curse you all the while the *Demons* are doing their Office, for you contributed not a little in bringing me to this Scene of Horror.

*Exeunt.*

*Dem.* So ho! Count *Thomase*, — *Seignor* *Gilbertini* — Come, away, away, the Count's hot; the Whips are ready; and the Hell-hounds want their Food. Come, come, I can't stay. —

*C. Thom.* Dear *Demons*, take off your Pincers; if I must go, — Oh this dreadful Place! Does not *Gilbertini* and the Cardinal go with



